

Though russet Autumn draped the hills,  
 Yours was the spring of life,  
 When from the Altar's shade you rose  
 True husband—loving wife !  
 The light that blessed those bridal hours  
 Burns on more radiantly,  
 As time rings in with golden bells,  
 Your year of Jubilee !

And looking back through memory's glass,  
 Upon the winding way,  
 Whose sunny spots and stubble ground  
 Have ended in to-day !  
 The shadows melt in purple mist,  
 The years their fulness lend,  
 As rosy dawn and golden eve,  
 In rainbow beauty blend !

Your life has passed in quiet ways,  
 Green with the Master's love,  
 His flowers of light around your path,  
 His Holy Cross above !  
 The Priest and Husband going forth,  
 To break the bread of life ;  
 Watching the Sacred fire of Home,  
 The true and gentle wife.

When clouds arose, though dark with tears,  
 Love's silver lining threw  
 A radiance on the bitter cup,  
 By sorrow mixed for you ;  
 In all the sunny paths of life,  
 By pastures green and fair,  
 In wilderness and valley shade,  
 His rod and staff were there.